

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poyntes, and Peto.

Poyntes. Come shelter, shelter, I have remoued Falstaffe

Horse, and he sits like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Fal. Poyntes, Poyntes, and be hang'd Poyntes.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a bawling

dost thou keepe.

Fal. What Poyntes. Hal?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek

him.

Fal. I am accus'd to rob in that Theefe company: that

Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not

where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a

foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but

to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for

killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourly

any time this two and twenty years, & yet I am bewitcht

with the Rogues company: If the Rascall haue not giuen

me medicines to make me loue him, Ile behang'd; it could

not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poyntes.* Hal, a

Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph.* Peto: Ile stand ere I

rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to

drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I

am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth.

Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles

afoot with me; and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it

well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be

true one to another. *They whistle.*

Whew! a plague light vpon you all, Giue my Horse you

Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine care

close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of

Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being

downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again,

for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague

meane yet to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse,

good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant

Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not

Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of

Sacke be my poyson: when a leet is so forward, & a foote

too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poyntes. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce.

Bardolph. what newes?

Bar. Caffe ye, caffe ye; on with your Vizards, there's

mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going

to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane;

Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your en-

counter, then they light on vs. *They whistle.*

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What a Coward Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not John of Gaunt's your Grandfather,

but yet no Coward, *Halkin* is your Grandfather.

Prin. Wee'll leaue that to the prooue.

Poyntes. Sirra lacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedge,

when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Face

well, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poyntes. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I:

euery man to his businesse.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses

downe the hill: Wee'll walke a-foote a while, and ease our

Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesu bleesse vs.

Fal. Strike down with them, cut the villaines throates;

a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs

youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorballed knaues, are you vndone? No

ye fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Ba-

cons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are

Grand lurers, are ye? Wee'll iure ye if aith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the

Prince and Poyntes.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now

could thou and I rob the Theeues, and gomerily to Lon-

don, it would be argument for a weeke, Laughter for

Moneth, and a good iest for euer.

Poyntes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horse

before day; and the Prince and Poyntes be not two ar-

rand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no mot

valour in that Poyntes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poyntes. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poyntes see upon them.

They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The Theeues are scattred, and posselt with fear so strong-

ly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fel-

low for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to

death, and Lords the leane earth as he walkes along, we're

not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poyntes. How the Rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to

be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented: Why is he not then in respect of

the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues

his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me

see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to

sleep, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of

this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The*

purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue na-

med uncertaine, the Time it selfe vnforted, and your whole

plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.

Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a

shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-

braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer

was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte,

good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot,

very good Friends. What a Frothy-spirited rogue is this?

Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the

generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now

by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan.

Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord

Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour?

Is there not besides, the Dowglas? Haue I not all their let-

ters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mo-

neeth? and are they not some of them set forward already?

What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall

see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he

to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could

diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish

of skind Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him,

let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards

to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin

A banish'd woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?

And start so often when thou sir'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?

And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,

To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?

In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,

And heard thee murmur tales of Iron Warres:

Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,

Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd

Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,

Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,

Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,

Of Prisoners ranome, and of Souldiers slaine,

And all the current of a heady fight,

Thy spirit within thee hath bene so at Warre,

And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;

And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,

Such as we see when men retrain their breath

On some great sodaine haft. O what portents are these?

Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it: else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho; Is Williams with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses fro the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse

Hot. What

Ser. It is my

Hot. That R

backe him straig

into the Parke.

La. But hear

Hot. What

La. What is

Hot. Why

La. Out you

such a deale of S

know your busi

ther Mortimer d

for you to line h

Hot. So far

La. Come, e

vnto this questi

thy little finger

Hot. Away,

I care not for th

To play with M

We must haue b

And passe them

What say'st tho

La. Do ye n

Well, do not th

I will not loue

Nay, tell me if

Hot. Come,

And when I am

I loue thee infin

I must not haue

Whether I go:

Whether I must

This Evening m

I know you wis

Then Harry Per

But yet a woma

No Lady closer

Thou wilt not v

And so farre wil

La. How so

Hot. Not an

Whither I go,

To day will I se

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Prin. Ned, p

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